

# Miscellaneous Cabinet.

NON QUO, SED QUOMODO.

VOL. I.] SCHENECTADY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1823. [NO. 21.]

## LITERARY.

### LORD BYRON AND DON JUAN.

*From the Catskill Recorder.*

"It is pleasant, said an eminent author, to see a great mind employed about trifles, for though it dazzles less, it pleases more." This can only be true in a limited sense; for when a great mind stoops from her natural elevation and is contented to hover about in the lower air, we frequently see her plumage sullied with the contaminating influence of the objects with which she is likely to come in contact, instead of presenting to the eye of the beholder all the richness and variety with which she is naturally adorned. The truth of these remarks is strikingly exemplified in the work before us; for those who have read the works of lord Byron, when his lofty mind and sublime imagination spread out all the profusion and richness of his fancy, cannot resist the conclusion that Don Juan is worse than a trifle. In this remark, however, I would not be understood to insinuate that it does not bear strong internal marks of a comprehensive judgment, a well informed mind, an extensive acquaintance with man, both in the abstract and general, collected from experience and observation as well as from books; a powerful imagination, and an inventive and creative fancy which have no equal in the present day. But his manner of treating the subject as well as the conception of the story, go to prove that he has written it for a mere pastime, perhaps to relax his mind from higher and more worthy subjects of contemplation, or perhaps to dissipate the reminiscences of other days which fill almost every mind with painful reflections, but to the guilty especially, they recal deeds which may well excite the bitterest remorse—to still which, even the hope of eternal annihilation would be no unwelcome feeling.

To divert the mind from objects of painful reflection, or relax it from the fatigue of vigorous exercise, is not only allowable but laudable, if society suffers nothing by it. But on the contrary, should it be the means of the smallest public injury, the author becomes deeply criminal. This is true of every one, but more especially of the man who has been kindly and extensively patronized by the public; for in the sense that he has been patronized, is he bound at least not to insult their understandings, or undermine their virtue. But to every reader of taste, not to say delicacy, Don Juan will not only excite feelings of in-

dignation, but repugnance; not only repugnance, but disgust; not only disgust, but contempt.

It were impossible to give an analysis of this eight Canto poem without contaminating the columns of this paper. It is enough to say that it was conceived in lasciviousness and brought forth in obscenity. Who that ever accompanied Childe Harold in his gloomy pilgrimage, surveying with all the enthusiasm of his cold mind, and apostrophising with all the sublimity of an exalted conception, on the most beautiful and sublime scenes of nature; and sentencing mankind with all the acuteness of a profound philosopher, and reflecting with all the feeling of a sage moralist—who, I say, ever read that poem, that did not feel, on perusing the one under consideration, a passing regret that the author of the one should be identified with the author of the other.—Is it possible that he who drew the character of the Giaour and Corsair, could condescend to invent the tales of illicit love, practised by Don Juan? Nay more—could the author of the Hebrew Melodies, the best sacred songs in our language, both for poetical richness and originality, pollute his mind with such obscene and abominable allusions as are the leading, and the only features which characterize the work before us? Whose feelings have not been excited to the highest tone of interest with his Jephtha's daughter, that would not be disgusted with the Julia or Hardee of Juan? But it is not with regard to the pollution and prostitution of his own mind, of which we complain. To effect a change there were hopeless.

Lord Byron is well aware of the avidity with which his works are read, and he surely knows, and it is a matter of deep regret that he should ever have forgot, that readers of poetry are generally people of the most susceptible feeling and violent passions; and whose youth and inexperience are but too weak to guard them against the insidious effects of indelicate works of fancy. The misery which such productions produce in the bosom of many a happy family cannot be estimated. The wretched consequences on many an amiable and lovely female, who, but for them, might have diffused happiness in the responding and grateful mind of an affectionate and tender husband, and reared up a family to usefulness, perhaps to honour; instead of sinking into the abyss of prostitution, or dragging out a life of wretchedness, embittered by black remorse, the contempt of early friends, introducing dis-

honour into a respectable family, and seeing themselves the cause of bringing down the grey hairs of parents, with sorrow to the grave.

There is no exaggeration in all this. It is borne out by almost every one's daily observation; and shame itself, in almost every form that can degrade the human character, is assuming the shape of hardened iniquity. With such examples before them, why then, in the name of all that is dear to a parent's heart, will parents allow their children the perusal of books that tend to inflame the passions, and supplant the virtuous principle. But alas! their own examples are frequently fatal precedents to their offspring. Delighted with such works themselves, it would ill become them to debar their children from their own enjoyment.

Thus much we may safely say in condemnation of *Don Juan*. But as a work of genius it is enough to say—it is Lord Byron's. It indeed contains much of the ridiculous, but that was the author's wish. Withal, however, there are many touches of Byron's most sublime poetry interspersed through the whole work. It contains throughout much of the richest poetical fancy, and exhibits an extent of genius which no living author can rival, or even equal. Through the whole of the first five Cantos the reader's interest is awakened and kept up, and even an epic effect is sometimes felt. But the last three are evidently wanting in incidents to make them interesting. We must, however, except *Dudu's* dream, which is both poetical and ingenious. We are much surprised that poor Juan escaped the sack and the sea, but no light being thrown upon the subject, we may thank his happy stars, in the mean time, and rest confident that we shall know all about it hereafter. We are not delighted, however, with the drilling of the men, nor with the battering of the walls of *Ismael*, and though Juan was no doubt valiant, and made many hair-breadth escapes among the general carnage, we are now no more interested in him than any other man, unless for what he has done, (which is rather amorous than interesting) for he has nothing now to do, except to protect the little girl whom he swears to shield; but the only way in which the poet interests us in her, is by telling us she had huge blue eyes, which, having once seen in a very forbidding physiognomy, we do not care much about. Yet, notwithstanding their want of interest and incident, these cantos contain lines of poetry not inferior to Byron's best; and if he would be more delicately chaste, we have no doubt we should be more pleased as well as amused with his pass-time productions.

## Science, Arts, &c.

*From the N. Y. Ev. Post.*

### THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

In the narrative of the wreck of the British Frigate *Alcaste*, by M'Leod, the surgeon of that vessel, is an account of a Boa Constrictor of great interest.

"This Boa was a native of Borneo, and had been sent to Batavia where he was embarked. He was brought on board shut up in a wooden crib or cage, the bars of which were sufficiently close to prevent his escape, and it had a sliding door, for the purpose of admitting the articles on which he was to subsist, the dimensions of the crib were about four feet high, and about five feet square, a space sufficiently large to allow him to coil himself round in the cage. The live stock for his use during the passage, consisting of six goats of the ordinary size, were sent with him on board, five being considered as a fair allowance for as many months. At an early period of the voyage we had an exhibition of his talent in the way of eating, which was publicly performed on the quarter-deck, upon which he was brought. The sliding door being opened, one of the goats was thrust in, and the door of the cage shut. The poor goat, as if instantly aware of all the horrors of its perilous situation, immediately began to utter the most piercing and distressing cries, butting instinctively, at the same time, with its head towards the serpent, in self-defence.

"The snake, which at first appeared scarcely to notice the poor animal, soon began to stir a little, and, turning his head in the direction of the goat, it at length fixed a deadly and malignant eye on the trembling victim, whose agony and terror seemed to increase; for, previous to the snake's seizing its prey, it shook in every limb, but still continuing its unavailing show of attack, by butting at the serpent, who now became sufficiently animated to prepare for the banquet. The first operation was that of darting out his forked tongue, and at the same time rearing a little his head, then suddenly seizing the goat by the fore leg with his mouth, and throwing him down, he was encircled in an instant in his horrid folds. So quick, indeed, and so instantaneous was the act that it was impossible for the eye to follow the rapid convolution of his elongated body. It was not a regular screw-like turn that was formed, but resembling rather a knot, one part of the body overlaying the other, as if to add weight to the muscular pressure, the more effectually to crush his object. During this time he continued to grasp with his mouth, though it appeared an unnecessary precaution, that part of the animal he had first seized. The poor goat, in the mean time, continued its feeble and half stifled cries for



some minutes, but they soon became more and more faint, and at last it expired. The snake, however, retained it for a considerable time in its grasp, after it was apparently motionless. He then began slowly and cautiously to unfold himself till the goat fell dead from his monstrous embrace, when he began to prepare himself for the feast. Placing his mouth in front of the head of the dead animal, he commenced by lubricating with his saliva that part of the goat; and then taking its muzzle into his mouth, which had, and indeed always has, the appearance of a raw, lacerated wound, he sucked it in, as far as the horns would allow. These protuberances opposed some little difficulty, not so much from their extent as from their points; however, in a very short time, they disappeared; that is to say externally; but their progress was still to be traced very distinctly on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin. The victim had now descended as far as the shoulders; and it was an astonishing sight to observe the extraordinary action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent—an extent which must have utterly destroyed all muscular power in any animal that was not, like itself, endowed with very peculiar faculties of expansion and action at the same time. When his head and neck presented no other appearance than that of a serpent's skin, stuffed almost to bursting, still the workings of the muscles were evident; and his power of suction, as it is erroneously called, unabated; it was, in fact, the effect of a contractile muscular power, assisted by two rows of strong hooked teeth. With all this he must be so formed as to suspend, for a time, his respiration, for it is impossible to conceive that the process of breathing could be carried on, while the mouth and throat were so completely stuffed and expanded by the body of the goat, and the lungs themselves (admitting the trachea to be ever so hard) compressed, as they must have been, by its passage downwards.

“The whole operation of completely gorging the goat, occupied about two hours and twenty minutes; at the end of which time the tumefaction was confined to the middle part of his body, or stomach, the superior parts which had been so much distended, having resumed their natural dimensions. He now coiled himself up again, and laid quietly in his usual torpid state for about three weeks or a month, when, his last meal appearing to be completely digested and dissolved, he was presented with another goat, which he devoured with equal facility. It would appear that almost all he swallows is converted into nutrition, for a small quantity of calcareous matter, (and that perhaps, a tenth part of the

bones of the animal,) with occasionally some of the hairs, seemed to compose his general faeces; and this may account for these animals being able to remain so long without a supply of food. He had more difficulty in killing a fowl than a larger animal, the former being too small for his grasp.

“As the ship approached the Cape of Good Hope, this animal began to droop, as was supposed, from the increasing coldness of the weather, (which may probably have had its influence,) and he refused to kill some fowls that were offered to him. Between the Cape and St. Helena, he was found dead in his cage; and on dissection, the coats of his stomach were discovered to be excoriated and perforated by worms. Nothing remained of the goat except one of the horns, every other part being dissolved.”

#### THE ATMOSPHERE.

“The vital air

Pervades the swarming seas and heaving earths,  
Where teeming nature breeds her myriad births,  
Fills the fine lungs of all that breathe or bud,  
Warms the new heart, and dyes the gushing blood.  
With life's first spark inspires the organic flame,  
And, as it wastes, renews the suble flame.”

DARWIN.

The atmosphere is that light, transparent, indispensable fluid which entirely surrounds our world, probably to the height of about forty-five miles, touching its surface in every part, and ever accompanying it in its various revolutions. Its transparency is doubtless one cause of the general ignorance of its properties, and the want of curiosity concerning its nature—a property, however, essential to our very existence. Its particles are in perpetual motion, although, neither the desolating whirlwind, nor violent gales, the gentle wind, nor softest zephyr, is felt to move. The warmest apartment has its currents of air, which happily the studious care of the valetudinarian cannot prevent; but it is its more enlarged operations which we now propose to contemplate.

The solar rays warm the earth, and convert a portion of its heat into vapour. This vapour being lighter than the surrounding air, naturally ascends to that part of the atmosphere which is of its own density, and becomes converted into air, or, by some mysterious process, into clouds of such endless variety of magnitude, form and colour, as not unfrequently to afford much amusement to the juvenile beholder, by the similitudes and resemblances he traces and forms in his creative imagination. The fleeting clouds thus wonderfully formed, are further condensed into water, which, at the divine pleasure, descends in rain, hail and snow; to water, warm and fertilize the earth.

The atmosphere is principally composed of oxygen and nitrogen gases, in the proportion of about four parts of the latter to one of the former; but, it contains about a thousandth part of carbonic acid gas, and some other less important substances. "The atmosphere," says a celebrated chemist, "is a vast laboratory in which nature operates immense analyses, solutions, precipitations, and combinations: it is a grand receiver, in which all the attenuated and volatilized productions of terrestrial bodies are received, mingled, agitated, combined, and separated. Notwithstanding this mixture, atmospheric air is sensibly the same with regard to its intimate qualities, wherever we examine it."

It will be obvious to every thinking mind, that inasmuch as God can have made nothing in vain, and all his works are perfect, the various substances which compose the atmosphere are essential to its utility, and that ample provision must be made for the regular supply of those substances; nor can we tell which most to admire, the nature of the atmosphere, or the means of its supply. The uninformed may have occasionally looked on many of the unfruitful plants of the vegetable kingdom as comparatively useless, or at least, as merely ornamental: it is very interesting, however, to find that every tree, every plant, has its duty to perform, and (though silently) is effecting its Creator's work, by giving out during the day, a portion of oxygen to mingle with the nitrogen which we emit at every respiration.—*Lond. Bap. Mag.*

## DESULTORY.

### CHOICE OF A WIFE.

— took his stand

Upon a widow's jointure land.

*Shaksp.*

Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

*Byron.*

There is one apology, in the increasing extravagance of the modern fair, for the ridiculous rage that exists among gentlemen after rich sweethearts; and maidens have not a less tenable excuse for making sure of a full purse, since an empty head is very likely to accompany it.

The really prudent, and somewhat homebred man, feels obliged to relinquish the idea of marriage altogether, or defer it to a late period, because it is justly considered a hazardous adventure to marry, on the score of supporting the expenses of modern living. But this idea shall have a separate chapter.

The first inquiry that our young men make now, when a woman is proposed for a wife, is, "Is she rich?" And for variety, or a salvo, "Is she handsome?" Let a husband die, and leave a rich widow, or a rich heiress drop into the market; and bless us! how the beaux scamper,

Hound like,  
In full cry, to catch her!

If there is any shame in this state of things; if sacrificing feelings, that should have their source in the most generous and elevated considerations, to "*beauty and booty*," is worthy of abhorrence; then, methinks, the present generation deserves an unenviable share of "*blushing honours*."

It is not very likely I shall have much cash to give with my daughters; and in fact I don't want any to give. God grant they may have good sense, a wholesome appearance, unsuspected virtue, affectionate hearts, industrious habits, and then—why, if nobody wants to marry them, they shall help to comfort me in my old age, and help to bear up my spirit when about to "return to Him who gave it."

I am an old fashioned fellow, it is true, but I recollect when I got married, I made no account of money; and if I was going to marry again, I would look for a poor girl rather than a rich one. If I have a wife, a good one is essential to my happiness, and riches are not.—The Athenian General was right: "I had rather marry my daughter to a *man*, without an estate, than to an *estate*, without a man."

*N. Y. Amer.*

LABAN.

### MARRIAGE.

Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of the apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours, and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and fills the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interests of mankind; and it is that state of things for which God hath designed the present constitution of the world. Marriage hath in it the labours of love, and the delicacies of friendship; the blessings of society, and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than a single life; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of joys and fuller of sorrows; it lies under more burdens, but it is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and these burdens are delightful.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

### OLD TIMES.

Bishop Latimer's sermons are full of information respecting the state of England in his days; and in one of them he gives the following picture of the comfort, happiness, and industry of his father's family. "My father," says he, "was a yeoman, and had no lands of



his own ; only he had a farm of three or four pound by year, at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept a half a dozen men. He had waik for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pound, or twenty nobles, a piece ; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor : and all this he did of the same farm ; where he that now hath it, payeth sixteen pound by the year, or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, nor his children, nor give a cup of drink to the poor."—*Percy Anecdotes.*

### Missionary.

#### VINDICATION OF MRS. JUDSON.

The committee appointed by the Boston Baptist Association, at Salem, Sept. 18, 1823, to take into consideration the reports which have been circulated concerning the extravagance of Mrs. Judson's dress, and to publish the result of their inquiries, beg leave to make the following statements :

In a newspaper published in this city on the 25th of July last the following communication appeared, and has been since transcribed into other papers :

"MRS. JUDSON, the wife of A. Judson, a famous missionary in the East Indies, sailed from Boston a short time since, where she had been, to visit her friends, and collect MONEY from the pious and charitable to aid her in distributing the bread of life to the poor heathen of Asia. A lady, who was in habits of familiar intercourse with Mrs. Judson, and to whom application was made for charity in her behalf, informs us, that the *visiting dress* of this *self-denying* female missionary could not be valued at less than TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!! The reader may be startled at the mention of such an enormous amount laid out in a *single* dress to decorate the person of one whose affections are professedly set on heavenly things, and despising the vain and gaudy allurements of the world ; it appeared to us incredible, till we heard from the lady some of the details. The Cashmere shawl was valued at \$600 ; the Leghorn flat at \$150 ; lace trimming on the gown, \$150 &c. Jewelry would soon make up the sum, leaving *necessary* articles of clothing out of the question. We hope the next edition of

the missionary arithmetick, will inform us how many infants were robbed of their innocent, if not necessary, playthings ; how many widows had denied themselves the use of sugar in tea and butter on bread ; how many poor debtors had robbed their creditors and laboured without stockings and shoes, to furnish out this modern representative of the mystical Babylon."

The personal friends of Mrs. Judson read this communication with surprise and sorrow, mingled with feelings of just indignation.—They knew that a difference of opinion existed as to the reasonableness and utility of Foreign Missions, but they did not expect, that the character of a female, who was labouring under the pressure of bodily indisposition, would be unnecessarily assailed.

The account of her *visiting dress* was so far from being correct, that those who had been in her society most frequently, concluded that no one friendly to missions would give credit to the representation. But in this they have been disappointed. Persons who never saw Mrs. Judson, and not finding this account contradicted, have supposed it was true. It was a knowledge of this fact which led to the appointment of the aforesaid committee by the Boston Baptist Association. Soon after the publication of the above statement, Mr. E. Lincoln waited on the Editor, and requested to be introduced to the lady who was "in habits of familiar intercourse with Mrs. Judson, and to whom application was made for charity in her behalf," and who had informed him that the *visiting dress* of this *self-denying* female Missionary could not be valued at less than TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS. The Editor introduced him to the gentleman who authorized the communication. This gentleman referred him to his mother, as the lady alluded to in the above named newspaper.—Mr. Lincoln therefore called on her, and was surprised to learn, that this lady, "in habits of familiar intercourse with Mrs. Judson," had never seen her ; that she had never been applied to for charity in her behalf ; and had no personal knowledge respecting any item in the communication. She stated to Mr. Lincoln that she had received her information from another lady, whom she named. Mr. Lincoln then sought an interview with this person, who it was said had boarded in the same house with Mrs. Judson, and had seen her rich dresses. But she declared to him, that she had never boarded in the same house, and had never seen Mrs. Judson or her apparel ; but had heard the statement from a lady, who had received it from another lady in Bradford ; a small town about thirty miles from this city.

The Committee now state, that the articles of dress, of which so much has been said, were not purchased, either with the private property of Mrs. Judson, or with Missionary money; but were presented to her by different individuals, as tokens of personal affection and respect. The Cashmere Shawl, "valued at \$600" was given to her in England by the sister of a distinguished friend of missions; and we are assured from very respectable authority that it cost twenty-five dollars. "The Leghorn flat, valued at \$150," was purchased at Salem; and from the certain knowledge of two ladies concerned in the purchase, did not exceed in its cost, eight dollars and fifty cents. As to the lace trimming on the gown, stated at \$150, a very *intimate friend*, at whose house Mrs. Judson stayed, says "she had not to my knowledge, one gown that had a particle of lace upon it. If she had, I was ignorant of it, or it was so trifling that it did not make a sufficient impression to be remembered." We feel authorized to state, from the testimony of other ladies of unquestionable veracity, who visited with Mrs. Judson in different cities, and who saw the apparel in her possession, that this is a just representation.

Concerning what is said of her jewelry which, in order to make up the aforesaid sum \$1200, is estimated at \$300, we scarcely know how to express ourselves. With the exception of a chain, and a small locket, in which was the likeness of one of the family, and these were given her, it is believed that all her jewelry was not worth five dollars.

For the information of those who did not see Mrs. Judson while she was in this country, the Committee would remark, that a majority of them had the pleasure of receiving her into their families as a guest; and the impression left on their minds was, that she had a soul too elevated to be occupied in ornamenting her person. She was, in fact, distinguished for the plainness and cheapness of her dress. The same individuals met with her frequently in the cities of New-York and Washington; but in no instance did they see any thing in her deportment or apparel, which did not accord with that modesty, simplicity and plainness, which becometh women professing godliness.

Having stated these facts, the committee deem it unnecessary to offer any comment upon them, but would leave each reader to make his own reflections.

It may be proper to state, that the committee are in possession of the names of all the parties concerned; but as the mention of them did not seem necessary for the defence

of our highly esteemed friend, Mrs. Judson, they are from motives of delicacy suppressed.

Signed in behalf, and by order of the Boston Baptist Association.

Thomas Balch, Jr.,  
Lucius Bolles,  
Daniel Sharp,  
George Keely,  
Ensign Lincoln.

Boston, Oct. 1, 1823.

#### JERUSALEM.

*Extract of a letter from Mr. Fisk.*

*Jerusalem, May 10, 1822.*

I sit down at the close of this holy day, to tell you how I have spent it. Early in the morning I read for my own advantage, instruction and encouragement, the book of Nehemiah. Before breakfast, I had two visitors in my room. One was a Catholic, who is making me a table, and came for money and directions concerning his work. I said to him, "to-day is the Sabbath." He seemed not to understand why this should prevent the transaction of business; I therefore read and explained to him the fourth commandment.—He then went away, saying he would call again to-morrow. My other visitor was a Greek Priest, who gave me a friendly call.—With him I conversed about the way in which the Sabbath ought to be sanctified. After breakfast, I had a refreshing season with my brethren, Messrs. King and Wolff, in reading the scriptures, prayer and singing. After this a Catholic from Bethlehem called to sell pictures. To him I read Luke ii. and Matt. ii. and spoke some time about Christ and salvation through his blood. Before he went away, three other Catholics came in, with whom we spent more than two hours, in reading the scriptures and in conversation. Two of them seemed to give their assent to what we said. The other was continually starting questions about the Pope, the Virgin Mary, confession to the priests, and transubstantiation. In regard to the Pope's supremacy, he quoted, as the Catholics always do, Matt xvi. 18. We replied, "Christ said that to Peter, not to the Pope." "But," said he, "the Pope is Peter's successor." We demanded proof of this from Scripture, but he did not attempt to bring any. In regard to the power of the priests to forgive sins he quoted Matt. xviii. 18. We replied, "Christ said that to the apostles, not to the priests," and then read and explained to him James v. 16, and 1 John i. 9, ii. 1, 2. We then said, "If you have wronged any man it is your duty to confess your fault to the man you have injured. If you find yourself exposed to temptation or in doubt about your duty, go to your minister or some other person, state your difficulties, and communicate as freely as you please your doubts, and con-



fess, if you please, all your sins. But remember, God alone, can see the heart. God alone can forgive sins. The Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles confessed to him. The Bible says not a word about confessing to the priest. Confess your sins therefore to God and expect pardon only from him." When he spoke about transubstantiation we read to him Mat. xxvi. 26—29, and 1 Cor. xi. 24—29. We also read to all the three, several other portions of Scripture, and stated to them, as plainly as we could, the leading truths of the Gospel.

After dinner two Greeks came to see me, to whom I read in Greek, 1 Cor. xii. and made a short address to them about the charity or love there described, its nature and fruits.—Mean time a Jew was present and sat reading in the Hebrew New Testament. While I was speaking to the Greeks, two other Catholics came in, and one of them told me he was in trouble with the Friars, because he refuses to go to confession. To him I read those passages of Scripture which treat of confession, and then read and explained the publican's prayer and the 51st Psalm. As they were going away, a Turk, with whom we are acquainted, came and brought us some olive branches from the mount of Olives.

Towards evening, two Greeks, who cannot read, were near my room, and I invited them in, and read to them two chapters from the Gospel.

Thus the day has passed away. O that a blessing may rest upon our feeble labours. To all my friends in Charleston I send my love and Christian salutations. May peace and grace from our Lord Jesus Christ rest upon them all. Let us pray for each other. Let us live near to Christ. Let us do all the good in our power. Christ will soon come to take us to himself. O may we be found ready.

Yours truly, PLINY FISK.

#### SANDWICH ISLANDS.

LETTER FROM THE KING.

Composed and written wholly by himself.

OAHU, March 1823.

"To the body of the American Board.—Great affection for you all, dwelling together in America.

"This is my communication to you all.

"We are now learning the *palapala*, (reading, writing, &c.) We have just seen, we have just now heard the good word of Jehovah. We are much pleased with [or much do we desire or love] the good instruction of Jesus Christ. His alone is the good instruction for you and us. [i. e. for all.] This recently, is the first of our being enlightened. We have been compassionated by Jehovah. He has sent hither Mr. Bingham and Mr. Thurston, and the whole company of teachers to reside here with us. Our islands are now becoming enlightened. Our hearts greatly

rejoice in their good instructing of us. Greatly do our hearts rejoice in what Jehovah hath spoken to us. This part of my address is ended.

"This is another communication to you.—You have heard perhaps before; but I will make it more clearly known for your information; our gods in former times were wooden gods, even in the time of my father before me; but lately, in my time, I have cast away the wooden gods. Good indeed was my casting them away, before the arriving here of Mr. Bingham and Mr. Thurston, together with all the company of instructors.

Our common Father hath loved you all.—Benevolent also was Jesus Christ, that in speaking unto you, he should say unto you, "Go ye, teach all nations, proclaim the Good Word of Salvation." The ministers came hither also, to do good to us, and we have been exceedingly glad. Moreover, at some future period perhaps we may possibly become truly good. We are now observing the Sacred Day of the great God of Heaven, the author of our salvation.

"Spontaneous was your love in thinking of us, and in your sending hither, in this place. Had you not sent hither the teachers, extreme mental darkness would even now have pervaded all our islands. But no. You have kindly compassionated us, and the people of our few islands are becoming enlightened.

"Grateful affection to you all. May you and we be saved by Jehovah, and also by Jesus Christ our common Lord.

TAMEHAMEHA,  
King of Hawaii.

#### AMBOYNA.

By a letter from the Rev. J. Kam, we learn that the eight missionaries sent from Holland, have all proceeded to their stations, and Mr. Kam, who alone remains at Amboyna, wants seven or eight more, for the Sangir and other islands. The large supply of Chinese Testaments and Tracts, sent him from Malacca, were thankfully received by the Chinese inhabitants. He is desirous of a further supply, for the islands of Banda, Ternate, and Menano, to be distributed by the brethren who are now labouring there.

Mr. Kam gives an account of the destruction of idols in the village of Aboru, in the island Karako. On the 18th January 1822, the native schoolmaster collected together all the inhabitants of the village; when idolatry, to which they and their fore-fathers had been accustomed, was entirely abolished. This was done at five different places; and on the 23d of the same month, some other idols were abolished. Also, in a forest, a wooden pillar was burnt down, to which they had been used to pay divine honours. In short, the whole were consumed by fire, or thrown into the sea.

## Poetick Department.

*From the London Literary Gazette.*

## THE INDIAN FLOWER.

The shadows of twilight  
Steal over the sky,  
And the star of the evening  
Has risen on high.

The sweet breathing flowers  
Are seeking repose,  
And the dewy drops moisten  
Their leaves as they close.

The fragrance they scattered  
Around them all day  
In the chill of the night breeze  
Has melted away.

Like friends of life's sunshine,  
Whose falsehood is found,  
When the cloud of affliction  
Is gathering round.

But one is still left us  
Now waking alone,  
Whose perfume is richer  
Than all that are gone.

It rises from slumber  
Its sweetness to shed  
When each child of the day-light  
Is drooping its head.

When false friends forsake us,  
There still are some hearts  
Who will cling to us closer  
As Pleasure departs:

Their smile can illumine  
Our darkened path yet,  
Though the sun of our fortunes  
For ever has set.

*From the European Magazine.*

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh! Woman's love's a holy light;  
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die;  
It lives—though treachery and slight,  
To quench the constant flame may try.  
Like ivy, where it grows, 'tis seen  
To wear an everlasting green;  
Like ivy too, 'tis found to cling  
Too often round a worthless thing.

Oh! Woman's love—at times it may  
Seem cold or clouded, but it burns  
With true, undeviating ray,  
Nor ever from its object turns.  
Its sunshine is a smile; a frown  
The heavy cloud that weighs it down;  
A tear its weapon is—beware  
Of Woman's tears—there's danger there!  
Its sweetest place on which to rest,  
A constant and confiding breast.  
Its joy, to meet—its death, to part—  
Its sepulchre, a broken heart.

*From the (Phil.) Saturday Magazine.*

## ON THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD YANKEE.

The current American term *Yankee* was a cant, or favourite word with farmer Jonathan Hastings, of Cambridge, about 1713. The inventor used it to express *excellency*. A "Yankee good horse," or "Yankee good cider," and the like, meant an excellent horse, and excellent cider. The students of the college were accustomed to hire horses of him; their intercourse with him, and his use of the term upon all occasions, led them to adopt it, and they gave him the name of Yankee Jonathan.\* He was a worthy honest man, but no conjurer. This could not escape the notice of the collegians. Yankee probably became a by-word among them, to express a weak, simple, awkward person; was carried from the college with them when they left it, and thus circulated and established through the country, (as was the case in respect to *Hobson's choice*,† by the students at Cambridge, in Old England), till from its currency in New-England, it was at length taken up, and *unjustly* applied to the New-Englanders in common, as a term of reproach.

\* May not the characteristic name of Jonathan applied to the people of the United States, owe its origin to the same person?—Ed.

† See the SPECTATOR, No. 509.

## Married,

On the 25th Nov. by the Rev. A. P. Proal, of this city, Mr. RICHARD TYMESON to Miss EVE VAN VRANKEN, both of Niskayuna.

At Sacket's Harbour, on Wednesday evening the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Snowden, the Rev. JEDEDIAH BURCHARD, to Miss FRANCES EMERSON; all of Sacket's Harbour.

## Died,

At the residence of his father, in Chesterfield, Mass. on Sunday evening, the 23d inst. Mr. ABNER KINGSLEY, a member of the senior class in Union College, in the 27th year of his age; after an illness of several weeks, during the last of which only he was confined. He was a singularly ardent and devoted Christian. His classmates universally and deeply lament him. His own townsmen bewail his loss; and the citizens of Schenectady will never forget his labours of love.

In January last, at Madras, (E. Indies) in the 28th year of his age, ROBERT MULCASTER AUCHMUTY, second son of the late Robert N. Auchmuty, Esq. of Rhode-Island, and a nephew of the late Sir Samuel Auchmuty.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. was not received in time for this week's paper.—The subject of his communication must be acknowledged to be not only important, but of immense interest to the citizens of Schenectady. It will appear next week.

## The Miscellaneous Cabinet

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